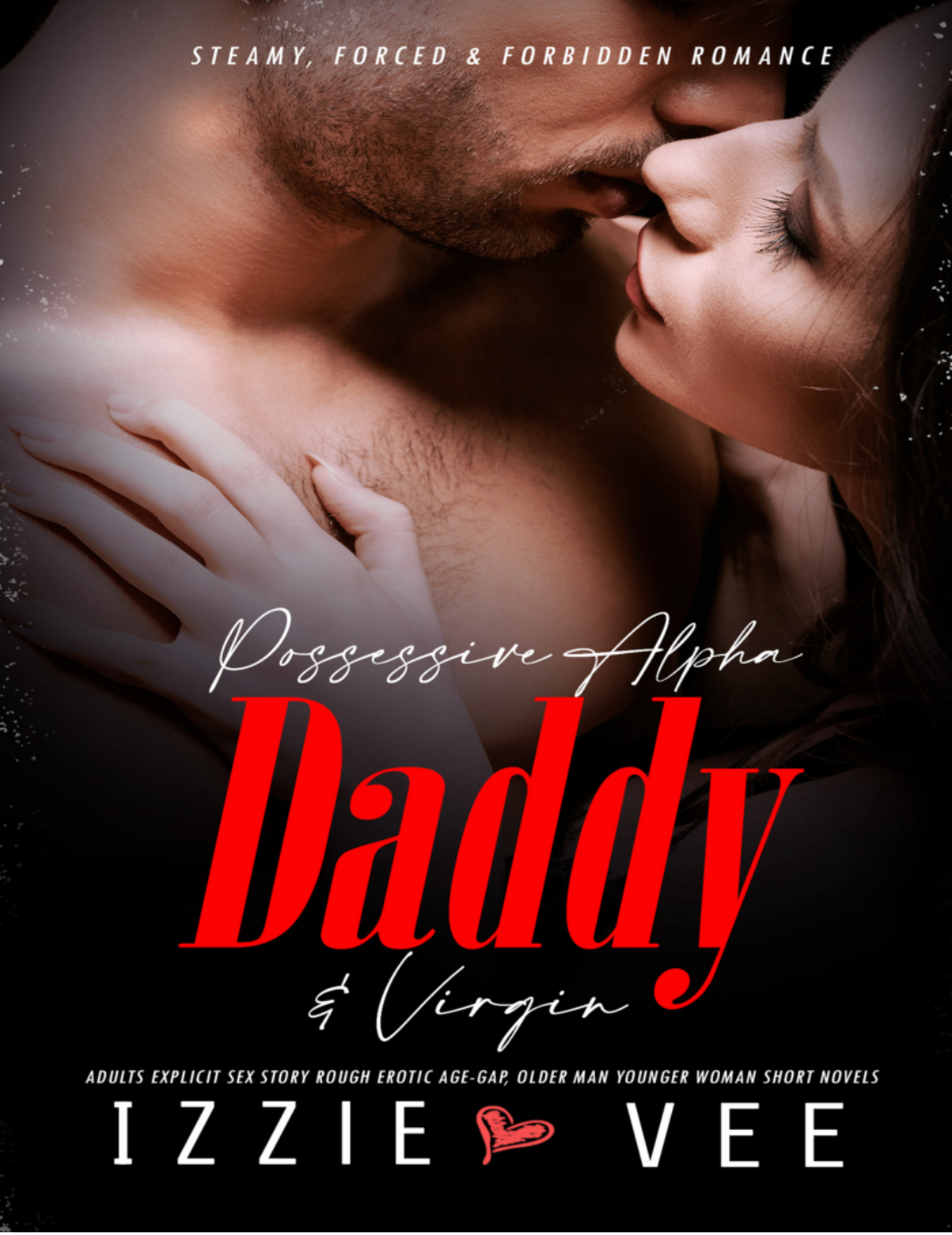
STEAMY, FORCED & FORBIDDEN ROMANCE
Possessive Alpha
Daddy
& Virgin
ADULTS EXPLICIT SEX STORY ROUGH EROTIC AGE-GAP, OLDER MAN YOUNGER WOMAN SHORT NOVELS
IZZIE VEE

Possessive Alpha-Daddy & Virgin: Adults Explicit Taboo Sex Story

Rough Erotic Age-Gap, Older Man Younger Woman Short Novels

Steamy, Forced & Forbidden Romance

IZZIE VEE

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Important Readers' Note

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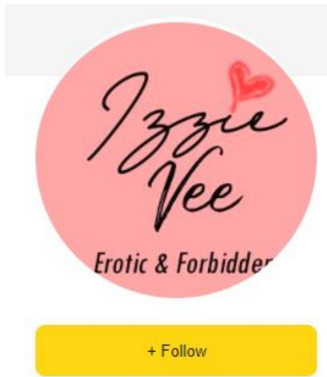

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Chapter 1

Mike

My knuckles hurt and are bruised, but the adrenaline rushing through me is insane. I feel refreshed and renewed and know there's only one thing that could have made me feel like that, and that's fighting. To top it off, I have a stack of money from doing it, so win-win. It was only once per week until I got attached and decided I'd add two more days to it. It was a type of high that I found myself indulging in time and time again, plus people loved me for it.

There's no better way to quell the anger – to soothe the beast inside me that always wants an out.

Stretching my fingers, I make my way inside the bar that isn't far from my apartment. This is my sanctuary – the place I go to cool off after crushing it in the pit. After two glasses of whiskey and a hamburger, I know I will be good for the night and heck, I might even find a woman to bring home and pump my balls dry. The thought excites me for some reason, and I am more enthusiastic about making that a reality.

As I step inside, the familiar scent of liquor greets me, along with the hearty ruckus from those inside. Some country music is playing, the smell from the kitchen is making my mouth water, and I know the night will be perfect. I take a seat by the counter, and Cherry pops up immediately with a smile on her wide, red lips. She's had a crush on me that's longer than time, and even after fucking her a few times, she still can't seem to get me out of her system. Still, she is good for keeping my bed warm on lonely nights, but I've made it clear time and time again that it would just be for a couple of fucks and nothing else.

"Having the usual?" she asks me as she wipes at a glass, eyeing me in that seductive way that lets me know she may want me in her sack tonight.

"Yeah, neat, please…" I say as I rub my hands together. Cherry seems to notice the bruises and shakes her head as she goes to pour me my drink.

"That looks like it needs some tending to," she says as she places a glass in front of me and meets my gaze. She's attractive; I've got to

give her that. She has a straight face and curly, big blonde hair, that's probably her most attractive feature, but she just doesn't bring out the hot-blooded male in me.

"It's fine," I say as I grind my teeth, knowing what's coming next.

"You planning on doing that for the rest of your life?" she quips.

"Maybe," I say as I down the glass in one go, baring my teeth at the harshness.

"I'm getting off soon; what do you say about me coming over?" she smiles, incredibly seductive. "I can make you forget about the pain," she says as she glances at my raw knuckles.

Tapping my glass against the counter, I signal for another round while she awaits an answer. Cherry fits the bill for a good lay, but she isn't the type for continuous repeats. Over time, she begins to get overbearing and demanding, and I'd rather fuck without that type of baggage. As much as I'd like to release all this sexual pent-up I have, I'm gonna have to pass on this one.

Plus, at thirty-five, I think it's time to finally find me a woman to settle down with. Trouble is, I can't find the woman who can give me that spark, and at this point, I no longer have hope that I will. Maybe I should just give in to Cherry after all… learn to adjust to her ways.

Just as I'm about to answer, I hear chuckling and teasing in the back, which grabs my attention. I turn my head to see what's causing the ruckus. A big, bulky guy a bit smaller than me sits with his friends as they chat with a petite waitress I'm seeing for the first time. Her back is turned to me, but I can make out her slender form, the flare to her waist, her long legs, and the healthy ponytail that swings down her back.

I've been to this place enough times to know the staff to a T, yet she isn't familiar. I'd know someone like her. I glance to Cherry who seems more interested in getting an answer from me than anything else.

"Who's the new girl?"

"Amanda, she started this morning," she says.

I look back at her, somehow drawn to her, despite not knowing what the fuck she looks like. But I'm interested more than anything to know. Suddenly, the man grabs her hand and pulls her into his lap. A gasp escapes her, and I finally get a chance to see her face. She's beautiful with a tiny face, a narrow nose, and by the looks of it, blue eyes that could touch my soul. But her face is as pale as paper, and I can see the fear in her eyes. She's like a doll in the hands of the

big man, and I can see that her heart is in her mouth.

He brings his mouth to her ear and says something to her that makes her shiver as he clutches her tighter. An overwhelming amount of anger rises inside me, and it's like my vision turns red as I watch the interaction. Setting my glass down, I ease from my stool and hear a protest from Cherry, which I ignore. With hands balled into fists, I approach the table of big men and watch as their gazes turned to me. I can see the fear that flashes across one of their gazes, but it quickly fades when he realizes that though I am bigger than them, I am outnumbered. Dumb fuck.

Her face becomes clearer, and the big, bright eyes filled with fear and amusement tell me that what I'm about to do is the right thing. For a moment, I'm captivated, and it seems all is right in the world if I continue to stare at her, but then I remember what the fuck I'm here for.

"You assholes take pleasure in scaring and assaulting innocent women?" I ask, my voice grabbing their attention even more.

The girl pulls out of the big guy's grasp after realizing she has a savior and stands at my side. The crew of three stands as well, but I can see the disappointment and the small ounce of fear when they have to look up at me.

"Next time, how about you mind your own business, motherfucker?" the captor seethes.

My blood boils with anger the longer I stare at them and that sweet rush to beat their face in overpowers me.

"Thank you, but they're not worth the time," the petite waitress announces by my side.

"You fucking bitch-"

He attempts to grab at her, but I quickly block his path and piston my fists across his jaw. Blood immediately spurts from his mouth from the impact as he launches back into the table, sending the beer bottles to the floor. The others charge at me, one managing to land a punch across my jaw. The unexpectedness of it and the sudden pain that takes residence sends me over the edge, and I become angrier than ever. I pull one by the collar and punch him squarely across the jaw; he swings at me but misses, and I take the opportunity to punch him again. When all three are down, I grab the closest one and start to beat in his face. My hands ache, but the adrenaline inside me is insane. His face is covered in blood, and I can hear the repeated crunching of his face each time I pound into it, but I don't stop, even when my knuckles feel bare on the skin.

“Fucking Christ, Mike, stop!” I can hear Cherry’s voice, but I don’t stop. I can feel people gathered around me, their gasps echoing in my head, but I can’t seem to stop. Assholes like these always get away with doing shit they aren’t supposed to do because of the fear factor they pack with them but not this time around.

“I think that’s enough…please,” I hear a familiar, not-so-familiar voice, and my heart skips a beat; still, I continue. But when a hand is placed on my shoulder, every nerve in my body acknowledges it, and I pause in my tracks, my fist mid-air.

I turn to look who it is and realize it’s the pretty little damsel with the fucking prettiest face I’ve ever seen. It still amazes me how pretty she is. But that’s not what shocks me the most. It’s the fact that her simple touch can calm me; the beast inside me relaxes, and I can see every other color again apart from red. She gives me a gentle, appreciative smile, and it’s like the block of ice around my heart thaws completely.

“Fucking shit, Mike, get out of here!” I am torn from my trance when Cherry shoves at me. I immediately realize the difference each touch has on me. How different they are and how they affect me on both different levels.

I get up from my stupor, stare at the grunting men on the floor that can barely move, and then I turn to Cherry.

“Leave before someone calls the cops,” she hisses.

I flash my hands. I don’t care about the fucking cops. I’ve been around them enough times to know not to be afraid. This sense of responsibility overtakes me, and I can only think about the little lady beside me. I stand before her and run my gaze over her. She’s in a tight little shirt that pushes up her bra and hints at her creamy cleavage. An apron snugly fits around her tiny waist that flares into hips I wouldn’t mind exploring. Her skin is flawless and looks as soft as cotton. My fingers itch to touch. As my eyes travel to her face, I can feel my body reacting to her mere presence, her tiny pink mouth that I can’t help but imagine wrapped around my manhood while she sucks me dry.

My cock twitches, and thoughts of this beautiful little minx fill me to the brim. Despite the grime and the people that surround us, she is the only one I see, and I feel this sense of duty to protect her forever and keep her safe and away from assholes like these.

“Thank you,” she says, her voice like a lullaby that brings me a sense of peace that I can’t ignore. That I crave more of.

“Fuck, Mike, go!” Cherry interrupts a-fucking-gain, and I grit my

teeth.

I reach for her hand and pull her along with me and am happy that there's not a protest from her, but Cherry, on the other hand, is flabbergasted and spitting fire.

"Where are you going with her?!" she blares. "She still has all this to clean up. Her shift isn't over as yet!"

I continue to walk with her, not saying a word until I am near the door. "She's not coming back," I say, watching Cherry's face whiten a little, her eyes going wide.

Amanda gasps when she reaches the outside and tugs at my hand. "What do you think you're doing?"

I stop to face her – well, not exactly since I have to look down at her. "You're not safe there…" I say.

"And you think I'm safe with you…a complete stranger," she argues.

"Who saved your ass back there…" I add, taken aback by her tone but unable to ignore the fire that looms in her eyes.

She clasps her arms and stands defiantly, the action causing her breast to push out even more. I wet my lips with the tip of my tongue, trying to ignore the way my fucking body is responding to her, but I can't help it. She's too fucking perfect.

"The fact still remains…"

I sigh, feeling my anger begin to rise, but not the type that allowed me to beat the shit out of those guys.

"Listen, those assholes will be back, and I might not be around to protect you the second time around. You can't be here."

"I have nowhere else to go… this job is all I have. It comes with a spare room upstairs, and that's the best deal I can get for now," she says as her eyes flicker to the ground.

My resolve softens yet again – this woman is like a fucking pacifier to my anger. "Come with me," I insist.

"I don't know you," she argues.

"That's how every friendship starts isn't it?" I ask, but friendship is the furthest thing from my mind right now. I want her beneath me, screaming my name while I plunge into her repeatedly. She's mine; I can feel it in every fiber of my being, see it as I stand before her. There's no explaining how I know it, I just know, and there's no fucking way I'm letting her out of my sight.

She swallows and looks back to the bar and then at me again. “I think it’s pretty obvious I won’t hurt you, princess; I’ve got a place to stay, and you don’t. I’d say that’s a catch.”

Indecision clouds her gaze, and she bites those juicy lips as she stares at me as if trying to see within my deep, dark soul. Finally, she says, “I’ll have to get my things.”

“I’ll have them brought over to you. Let’s go,” I say, gesturing toward my car.

She hesitates, and for a second, I think she will run, but then she moves toward me. “Ok, big guy… lead the way.”

I only smile.

Chapter 2

Amanda

I don't know what the hell got into me to be saying this to this complete stranger–a man as big and bulky as the hulk, a man who took down three huge guys with barely a scratch. I should be running for the hills, but instead, I'm inside his car, watching how he fills out the tiny space with his big frame. Every single part of him has a muscle that prints through his clothes, but he is incredibly handsome with the darkest eyes I've ever seen on a person. Despite him being a walking red flag for a girl like me, I can't forget how he stood up for me. It was like my own personal knight in shining armor, but he wears leather instead.

I felt safe – the safest I've felt in all my life, and I loved the feeling it brought me. Still, I know I shouldn't have agreed to come with him – he is still a stranger, after all. But he is right; I can't stay at the bar for another day to be pounced on by the same men who might come back and take revenge, and I have nowhere else to go.

I watch how silently he drives, his eyes fixed on the road like he doesn't even remember I'm here. He adjusts his hands on the steering wheel occasionally, bringing my eyes to his hands. I gulp when I see his raw knuckles and the blood on his hands. He's hurt, and guilt suddenly tugs at me for being the reason. I should have fought back on my own and given them some sass, but in that moment, fear overcame me and brought me back to my past, which made my blood run cold.

I swallow hard and ignore my churning gut. "I can help you with that," I say, my voice sounding barely a whisper.

He spares a glance at me and then his bruised hand. "It's fine."

"You make a habit of saving damsels, Mike," I ask, emphasizing the name I learned back at the bar.

"Just the pretty ones," he says, and before I can even reply, we stop outside an apartment building. He gets out and then looks at me, still seated, wondering if I'm gonna do the same.

There's something about his eyes on me that makes me feel exposed and warm all over, a feeling that I've never experienced before. Despite the danger this man defines in every single aspect, I hold onto the door handle and push it open. The night wind whips against my skin and sends a shiver down my spine. A part of me tells me to just

leave and figure it out like I've done many times before, but deep down, a part of me wants this. Strangely enough, I'm not scared as I should be.

I make my way to him, and we go inside, the warmth in the building attending to my chills. After climbing a flight of stairs, we settle at a door with the number 9 on it. His keys cling, and in no time, he is inside, waiting for me to do the same.

I timidly step in, my eyes traveling around the space. I didn't expect it to be so clean – coming here, I somehow expected a sort of dump, but I'm amazed at the clean wooden-type floors and the crisp, black sofa set that surrounds a wooden coffee table as soon as you enter. The walls are exposed brick with black and white portraits of motorcycles and a boxing ring. Everything smells fresh with a hint of cigarette.

He turns to me after peeling off his jacket and throwing it over the edge of the sofa. My breath hitches when I see bulky hands that are probably the size of my legs. He is ripped, and if I thought he looked strapping in that leather jacket, I was clearly mistaken. I imagine this man does weightlifting with people instead of actual weights. His shoulders are broad, his neck is thick, and I can see how hard his stomach is even with a shirt on. My eyes travel to his narrow waist and his thick, muscular legs, and somehow, I can't help my thoughts as my eyes settle at his crotch.

Anyone would think I'm a creep for thinking like this, but I can't help but wonder if his manhood is just as big as the rest of him. The thoughts cause a sensation to settle between my legs and my stomach to churn, but I quickly tear my gaze away and bring it to his face, realizing the smirk that it holds. Heat instantly rises to my cheeks. He knows I was checking him out, and the dark lust in his eyes tells me he doesn't mind.

My face warms, and my gaze drops to his hand, the guilt pulling at me again. I move closer toward him and can feel the heat radiate from his body on me, his musky cologne filling my senses.

"Do you have a first aid kit?" I ask as I reach for his hand. Heat floods me as I take him in my grasp. I examine his huge hands and imagine how calloused they would feel against me.

"It's fine…" he insists and pins me with his gaze with those sexy, dark eyes and long lashes. My heart starts to thud faster in my chest, and I'm somehow breathless despite standing so still.

"I want to help," I say, watching his features soften as he concedes. The closer I stare at him, I realize that what I thought was a slit in his

thick arched brows is actually a scar that separates the hair. I want to touch it – enquire about the injury – because part of me wants to know everything about this man.

"I'll get the peroxide and the gauze… that's all I have," he says as he pulls away and moves inside his room.

My gaze continues to take in his apartment, and I find myself at ease. Despite the fear that should be bolting through me, I feel completely safe and at home, which is strange considering the complete giant of a stranger that's nearby.

He returns with the items in his hand and moves toward the sofa, where the small furniture sinks with his weight. I approach him, and seeing that he is seated on the single recliner, I wonder where I should sit. Biting my lips, I straddle him, sitting on his lap. I can see that my actions catch him by surprise, and his eyes darken even more. However, he doesn't say anything, and I smile inwardly while I busy myself dabbing the cotton with peroxide and placing it against the bruises. He doesn't even flinch, and I wonder if this happens often.

But I have no time to think on it with being so close to him. I can tell I have an effect on him, and part of me wants to explore that in its entirety. I am small against him, my crotch just inches away from his manhood, which I can tell is blossoming beneath his denim pants.

"How can I repay you for what you did for me earlier?" I ask.

"You don't have to," he exclaims, his breath against my skin, sending shivers throughout my body. I look at him, but his gaze is trained on the task at hand. His lips catch my eyes – wide and full – and I lick my own.

"I want to," I insist, and he looks up at me, holding my gaze while I shift on his lap. His Adam's apple visibly bobs, and I know with just a little more teasing I will have him under my thumb.

"You have no idea what you're doing to me right now, Amanda," he says under his breath, his voice like a soft growl.

"Oh, I have an idea," I say as a smile curves my lips. He twitches between me, and heat sears through my body in full waves.

There's an attraction to this beast that I can't quite understand. I've never done this before – I've never teased a man to this degree, but somehow, I want everything this giant has to offer. Maybe it's the adrenaline still rushing through me from what happened at the bar; maybe it's my sex finally telling me that it's ready to take on life by the balls – literally. Is it because he saved my ass back there? Is it because he was a gentleman to me when nobody else was? Or is it the

peace that his presence brings me?

“I want to repay you… tell me what you want me to do,” I say in what sounds like a mere whisper.

His eyes study my face, and I can feel his manhood twitching even more beneath me, telling me this beast wants me as much as I want him. I can feel it, I can see it, and I even want to taste it. My eyes suddenly drop to his lips again, and I swear my heart will soon leave my chest with how fast it’s beating. I’m done for. I want to kiss him so bad!

I move my head closer to him, and his breath blows against my face. I can smell the faint scent of whiskey on his breath as they gently part to receive what I have to offer. I know my panties are sodden from the close proximity and the way his body seems to set me on fire. I am intoxicated by his warmth, his scent, and his seeming callousness; when my lips touch his, I know I’m a goner.

Fuck.

Chapter 3

Mike

I wasn't expecting any of this. The kindness, the warmth, and the gentleness, and definitely not an offer to repay me. But as the words leave her lips, I can think of only one thing, and that's to make her mine. Mine only. She is irresistible, attractive and she sets my heart and body on fire. I want to rip off her clothes, bend her over and have my way with her – give her a life she can't refuse – which includes my cock. But she is too small, too fragile, and I know my size will split her into halves.

As she grinds herself purposely on me, I know she's just too tiny. My cock would destroy her, and that's the last thing I want to do. Yet, my body screams against every bit of control I have. I should be pushing her away – heck, I should have left her at the bar because I know that one real touch from her would ruin me.

Her lips move towards mine – I can see it coming, and there's nothing I want to do to stop it. I await my glorious fate and almost come in my pants when her soft, feathery lips touch mine. They are like cotton that brushes against me and awaken me to the hardness of steel. Her lips part for me, and I welcome her as her sweet tongue probes within my mouth, sending fire all over my body. I fucking knew it – knew that she would be the death of me from the very first time I laid eyes on her. And here it is; I am one foot in a glorious grave. But if this is heaven, I don't mind dying.

Her tongue courses through my mouth and the hunger there ignites my own. She is warm – her mouth is warm and soft, and I imagine between her legs is the same, but one fucking step at a time, Mike. She sucks on my tongue, and our tongues dance together in a needy caress. She moans against me, which sends vibrations straight through my body and settles at my cock. Her small hands lace around my neck, and her chest is now almost pressed against mine, her nipples rubbing against me, making me harder than steel itself. She's sweet, almost like a drug that I know will get me addicted, but I don't stop. I take all she gives and give some of my own – making it clear in every caress that I need her more than oxygen itself.

My hands find her back and trail beneath her blouse and up her spine. When the pad of my fingers touches her bare skin, she shivers and moans, grinding a little on my erection and making the lump even more painful. But that seems to set her off as she continues to grind

her clothed cunt on me. She moans as she does so, eyes closed as she enjoys her actions.

I can barely believe that I have it within me to arouse a fragile beauty like her, but I can see it as well as I can feel it thrumming through every fiber of my being. The feeling gets so intense, my mind is so hazy that I can't help myself. The fucking dry humping sets me off, and before I can hold back, I can feel the pressure ease from my testicles as my semen shoots and fills my pants.

I shudder, closing my eyes in an attempt to hide the embarrassment. This has never happened before. I have a hard time coming from penetration, much less fucking dry humping, but here I am, having one of the best orgasms of my life.

"I've never felt this way before, Mike," she says in barely a whisper. Her voice brings me back to life. I open my eyes to find her staring up at me with a pleased smile on her face.

"How do you feel?" I ask her. I hold my breath for an answer, still hard as a rock despite cumming just seconds ago. Fuck.

"Alive," she smiles, and my heart skips a beat. "I want you."

I have never considered myself lucky, but at this moment, I am the happiest man alive just by her mere words. My body is on fire, I am overwhelmed by this woman and in the best possible way.

But she's so fucking tiny, and I am a beast. "You can't handle my cock, princess. Let's get that out from now."

She swallows and folds her lips. "Says who?"

I grit my teeth. "Almost every fucking woman I've been with."

"Well, maybe I'm the exception."

Somehow that gives me hope, but I know better than to do that. I'm always disappointed in the end, and so are a lot of women.

I scoff and shake my head, reaching for her hips to peel her from me, so I can leave and think about anything apart from her pussy, which is still seated on me. But she surprises me and holds my hand still, meeting my gaze with the lust still clear in her blue eyes.

"I don't know what it is about you, but I know in my heart that I want you more than anything…" she says, and her words alone are enough to make me harder. Damn this woman.

I want her so much, it aches, but I know if I have her, it will pain her more than it's doing me right now.

"How old are you?" I can't help but ask. It's a question I should

have asked before it reached this far, but I know she's an adult. After all, she was working at a bar.

"Twenty-one," she says.

Even younger than I thought. Fuck.

"Have you ever been with a man like me, princess?" I ask her, still cognizant of her on me and how my body is responding to her every movement.

She hesitates. "I've never been with anyone."

I stiffen at her reply, waiting for her to laugh and tell me she's joking, but the seriousness on her face tells me she's not. An unexpected feeling suddenly overwhelms me that I can't explain. There's this sudden urge to lock her away for myself and myself alone – away from the gazes of any man who would take even a glimpse of her. It surprises me beyond measure that a fairy like this would find attractiveness in me – almost begging me to have her – take her virginity–her most prized possession. I want to honor that immediately – do as she asks, but I can't. I can't fucking do it – not tonight or any other night, for that matter.

"I can't," I develop the courage to say as I peel her away from me and sit her on the armrest of the chair. I glance at her wide eyes and her furrowed brows. She's just as confused as I am. "There's a spare bedroom that has all you might need. Good night, Amanda," I say as I leave the room and leave her there, still shocked from my denial.

I head to my bedroom and flop down on the king-sized bed, staring at the blank ceiling for God knows how long. I can hear her shuffling around in the bedroom that's next door. I want to know what she's doing – I don't even want to take my eyes off her. I want that sense of peace again whenever her blue eyes trap me and make me feel like I can accomplish anything. I can't figure out how I got so lucky to have her – to have such a beautiful woman want me, and yet I feel unlucky too because what's the point if I can't have her in the end? I wouldn't dare. Amanda is a fragile beauty meant for endless pampering and princess treatment. I can't give her that. One stroke in her glorious heat, and I'd lose my mind. I fuck hard and doubt a woman like Amanda could handle it.

But when have I ever been a man to care in the first place? I could be buried deep inside her right now if I wanted to, but instead, I am here, basically pining over a woman I could have if I wanted to. When had I ever given propriety a thought? I question myself with a mounting surge of annoyance for my actions.

I am allowing a woman to get under my skin, which has never

happened. But I knew from the very moment back at the bar that Amanda was different. Unlike all the others, she spoke to my soul on a level I couldn't quite understand.

I lay there, pondering for what seemed like hours until the apartment was quiet, and I knew she was probably asleep. I take the opportunity to get up and head to the bathroom for a quick shower, seeing that my pants are still icky from cumming inside them. The thought and the memory of her body against mine – the euphoric feeling of her cunt on mine – gets me hard again. I mutter a curse and stroke myself to an orgasm before I take a cold shower and head to bed with the pretty little minx on my mind.

***

I woke up earlier than usual the following morning because I was restless all night, plagued with sweet dreams of the minx in the other room. I have never practiced control as much as I did last night. Every single nerve in my body told me to get up and sneak into her room – convince her that my earlier decision was a mistake and I'd like nothing else than to bury my length inside her. I was tempted – fighting demons I didn't even know I had, but I had clung onto every bit of control I could muster and stopped myself from doing something insane. She's twenty-one – way younger than the women I'd go for, and that, too, was another factor that had grated my conscience.

A pot of coffee is already made when I enter the kitchen, and Amanda is sitting by the counter having a cup. Her dark hair is down, and for the first time, I catch a streak of blue towards the back I hadn't noticed before. It makes her eyes seem more attractive and makes her more alluring than before. Damn.

"Good morning," I say as I move past her to pour myself a cup. "You didn't have to do all this," I say when I realize there are also eggs and toast beside the stove.

"I wanted to," she manages a tight smile and hangs her head, obviously trying her hardest to avoid my gaze.

I pull in a breath as I approach her. "Listen, if I came off a little too harsh last night, I'm sorry. That wasn't my intention."

"It's fine. I admire what you did, Mike. Not many men would pass up such an opportunity, but I respect you for it," she smiles at me.

Respect is the last fucking thing I want from her, but heck, I caused this on myself.

"How was your sleep?" she asks me, and I pause, seeing that all too familiar glint in her eyes again.

“I’ve had better,” I confess. “You?”

“I slept like a baby. It’s the best sleep I’ve had in a while, Mike. Thanks to you.”

Great. Good to know I was the only one affected by last night. I nod my head and take a sip of the coffee while we settle into silence. There seems to be a forcefield around, which seems tangible.

“I’ll be back soon. Don’t leave the house,” I say as I place my mug down.

“What? Why?”

I approach her, standing dangerously close to her, which may or may not prove to be a mistake.

“Because you are mine, and I don’t want you alone on those crazy streets,” I say as I cup her face in the palms of my hands because I can’t help myself. I ache for the feel of her soft skin against the pads of my calloused hands.

She stares up at me, and her throat bobs as she swallows. “How can you claim I am yours, and yet you don’t want to have me?”

“I don’t want to hurt you.”

“You’re killing me now.”

My cock stirs at her statement. I grit my teeth so hard I fear they will shatter in my mouth. Fuck, this is hard. But maybe not as hard as I am right now. I press my mouth to her forehead, fighting for control.

“What does it matter if we have sex a week or a year from now?” she says under her breath. “Your cock will still be the same, and I will still be a virgin.”

I lick across my lips and stare down at her. “It’s harder than you think. Stay here until I get back,” I say as I tear myself away from her and reach for my keys.

“On one condition,” she challenges.

“You’ll fuck me when you get back.”

Chapter 4

Mike

I hate afternoon fights for some reason, and even more now, seeing that I have to leave Amanda's side.

As I enter the ring with my opponent, I'm expecting to have this overwhelming urge that usually takes control, but it doesn't come. Instead, when he charges at me, I quickly shift from his path of destruction and send an uppercut up his face. My head isn't in it, though, regardless of the chairs and the bets I know will be in my favor at the end of this. The adrenaline is gone, and I only can think about Amanda at my house, waiting for me to come home and fuck her. I said I would because, at that moment, there was nothing else I could say.

What was the point in denying it? I want her as much as I want oxygen, and it isn't only primal or sexual. I want endless nights with her. I want her in my bed even when I'm not. I want to be a constant on her mind- someone she never ever forgets, even when she wants to. I want to be that man for her. I want to explore every inch of her young flesh and savor the feeling and the taste. The desire for her is so strong that the task at hand seems meaningless.

What will she think of me anyway, knowing this is how I make a living? Will she think I'm a monster? Would it make her want me less? All of these things start to plague my mind. A passion I've had since I was a kid seems irrelevant because of a woman I've known for just mere hours. I want to be a better man for a woman I haven't even explored – a woman who hasn't even felt the full length of my manhood. This is bullshit; I am stark-raving mad.

I jolt back when a strike across my face sends me crashing to the ground. There's an incessant ringing and the blurred image of my opponent who hovers over me. Before I can react, his fist throws my head to the side with another blow. The metallic taste of blood starts to pool in my mouth, and pain races through my head like a bolt of lightning.

I know I'm in a losing battle, but the encouraging shouts put me back on course and remind me where I am and what I'm about. A punch in his side sends him tumbling over and gives me the upper hand once again – one which I use to my full advantage.

At the end of it, I'm sorer than I've ever been and have attracted an

angry manager – Paul.

“What the hell was that all about?” he exclaims, following behind me as I venture into the small changing room.

I sigh as I wipe at my sweat. “Sorry, my head wasn’t in it,” I mumble, taking a seat on a bench.

The man who I’ve known for years – a short, stocky man with a bald head that he usually covers with a baseball cap – scoffs and shakes his head.

“It was like you weren’t even trying.”

“I won, didn’t I?” I snapped, getting irritated by his tone.

“Barely,” he hisses back. “What do you think people will do when they see you start to look weak? You can kiss this fighting thing goodbye if you plan on keeping up this behavior.”

Something I have never considered comes to mind. Maybe that’s exactly what I should do! I could do better – be better for Amanda. I couldn’t spend the rest of my life in the pits anyway. I needed a backup plan.

“When is my next fight?” I ask, pulling on a shirt.

“Tomorrow night at the warehouse, and then you’re out till next week. Why?” he says casually, not having a clue what I planned on saying next.

I stand before him. “It’ll be my last. Spread the word,” I say as I grab my bag from the bench.

Paul’s mouth falls open as he stares at me. He then shakes his head and adjusts his hat. “What?”

“I’m done with the fighting. Tomorrow night will be my last,” I clarify, sidestepping him.

“Mike, what are you talking about? What has gotten into you? You love this!”

“Something else has gotten my attention.” I continue to walk until I am outside the building.

“Mike, I know you are usually impulsive but think about what you’re saying for a sec, please. You’ve been boxing all your life.”

“Boxing?” I scoff. “Whatever you tell yourself, Paul.”

He catches up to me and stands in front of me, blocking my entrance to the car. “Sure, none of it is legal, but we both get to live the way we want at the end of the day.”

“Yeah, and now I don’t want to do it anymore. Move.”

Paul wipes his hand across his face and sighs. “Just think about this, please,” he says as he steps to the side.

“I have. Saturday is the last time.” I pull the door open and step inside my car. “After that, I’m done.” I drive off, leaving Paul in the dust. He peels off his baseball cap and throws it to the ground as he stomps his feet and sweeps his hand over his bald head.

I have one thing on my mind as I head home, and that’s being between Amanda’s legs. Every single thought is of her, and for the first time in forever, I feel free – like a weight has been lifted off my shoulders.

I enter the apartment to find her on the couch, watching T.V. She’s in one of my t-shirts that swallow her whole form, but fuck, it’s the sexiest thing I have ever seen. It also reminds me that I never stopped at Cherry’s to get her clothes, but what do I give a fuck about her clothes when all I want to do is take them all off? She looks better in mine, anyway.

“Mike, I didn’t think you’d be back so early,” she says as she stands.

“I couldn’t keep away. I couldn’t stop thinking about you.”

She smiles at me. “Same. I couldn’t wait for you to get back.”

I slowly move towards her. “And now that I’m back, what do you plan on doing?” I challenge.

“Take you by force if you try to resist me again.” Her sweet smile causes my heart to flutter. I move toward her, and her eyes widen as she gets a clearer view of my face and the bruises on it. “What happened?”

“A fight, but it’s all good… don’t worry about it.”

Her hands move towards my face, and I almost close my eyes in pure bliss when her touch warms my skin. She caresses every bruise with the feathery light movements of her small hands making me forget that they ached in the first place.

I should be running as far away from this woman as I can, but here I am, with an ache I only have for her. She’s young and fragile – far from the women I’d go for, but she entered my life in the least expected manner, and I am entranced – so fucking marveled by a woman I know nothing about. But I want to know her – I want to know every single thing about Amanda as early as her childhood. But right now, in this moment, I crave to know the feel of her cunt. I can’t help it, and there’s nothing I want to do to stop it.

I crash my lips to hers and feel the fire spread throughout my body. She kisses me back with just as much fierceness, latching her hands around my neck while her sweet mouth sends me into euphoria. I know I am fucking doomed as I kiss her, as I feel her body being pressed against mine. There's nothing in this world that can keep me away from this woman after this. She's mine, and I plan on showing her just how much she is.

I wrap my hands around her waist and stand. She wraps her legs around me and still continues to kiss me while we walk to my room. I'm painfully hard in my pants, acknowledging that the sweetest temptation is just mere inches away from my erection.

I toss her on the bed, and she giggles a little as she stares up at me, drinking in every inch of my body, propped up on her elbows. Her gaze settles on the bulge in my pants, and I can see the way her eyes darken with lust. She licks her lips, her cheeks redden, and I know that all will be fucking right in the world after this.

I give her a show, peeling off my clothes and tossing them to the side with my eyes remaining fixed on her. When I am completely naked, her eyes roam over my entire body, and she swallows, shifting a little on the bed. My cock points at her, smeared with a bit of my pre-cum as it patiently waits to have her.

Wordlessly, she starts to strip as well, taking her time to peel her blouse over her head and welcoming perky breasts, which makes me instantly salivate for a taste. They are perfect and ripe – a slight slope before hard, pointy nipples. Her skin is creamy, smooth like velvet, and incredibly flawless. My manhood pulses the longer I look at her, and I hold onto every bit of restraint I have while I fill my eyes with a memory that will live with me forever.

She rests back on her shoulders and raises her hips as she pulls off the shirt and her panties in one go. I swallow hard as my eyes travel up her long creamy legs only to rest between them at the treasure that lies between them. When she parts her legs for me, it's glistening – wet and ready for me and only me.

"You are fucking perfect," my voice is husky as I study her body one last time before I approach the bed to join her.

My mouth is mere inches away from hers before I say, "Tell me this is what you want, princess. I need to hear you say it."

She presses her forehead to mine. "I want you, Mike… every inch." Her breath fans against my skin and I almost shiver. She then kisses me again, and the world suddenly no longer exists.

As I kiss her, my hands trail along her body, memorizing every

curve, feeling every inch of softness – the warmth that radiates from her skin onto mine. She smells sweet; she tastes sweet – she is a drug that will become more intoxicating every single time I touch her.

I lay her on her back and kiss her for a few seconds before my mouth trails along her neck, and I suckle on her flesh. She whimpers softly, her fingers pressing into me tighter as I take my time to explore her. When I reach her tits, my mouth almost waters as I stare at them and then take each supple nipple into my mouth. I suck on them feverishly, and she writhes beneath me, soft moans escaping her sweet lips that I start to miss.

"Please… I can't stand another second. I want you inside me now… please," she begs me.

I look up at her and see the impatience, the look in her eyes that tells me every word she speaks is true. I move back up and kiss her, my hands trailing along her body – squeezing her breasts occasionally and rubbing her hips.

"After tonight, you do know that you're mine, right? No other man will ever look at you or touch you. Your body will belong to me to have whenever I want, and mine will be yours," I say to her just as my fingers find her heated flesh.

She sucks in a breath as she stares up at me as my fingers part her flesh and find her tiny hole. She doesn't say anything as I continue to tease her flesh with featherlike strokes. She rolls her hips to meet them, but I don't give her more.

"Tell me you understand," I exclaim.

Her breath hitches as I push a finger in. "I do…please," she says, eyes momentarily closing as she soaks in the bliss.

I smile, still unable to believe that she is this wet for me – soaking really. My single finger enters with ease, and so I enter another and stroke her flesh until she starts to clench against my digits. I then pull them out, watch the dismay on her face and smile.

Smearing her wetness across my tip, I position myself between her legs and kiss her as I guide my thickening cock to her entrance. Her mouth parts open when it presses against her soft folds and gently parts them for access. At this point, it's already agony to hold back and not ram into her with a single thrust. I keep her innocence in mind and slowly push my way in, feeling my cock sear with heat as it gains access to her tight little snatch. I feel the resistance and pause, looking into her eyes, which have become glassy.

"I won't hurt you… I never will, but you will feel some discomfort

for the first time. After that, I promise to make you feel heaven on earth." I don't know how true that is with my size, but for Amanda, I will go to the end of the earth to make her happy. I see that now – I feel it as I cruise deeper into her and break the barrier of her innocence. I know that I am done for when she winces and pulls me closer to her – as her pussy welcomes me with unending pleasure.

I pause a bit, and our eyes meet while she gets accustomed to a man being inside her for the first time. Me. I can see the admiration in her eyes as I start to move inside her, and my heart swells bigger in my chest, as does my manhood in her narrowness. She's wet, tight, and warm, and though I only have half my length inside her, I know it will be more than enough to get me off.

Her fingers ease into my back and slide to my ass, where she grabs it and urges me on a little further. But as I release another inch, she gasps, and I know that she can't take it. So I give her all with what she can take, moving faster as her pussy smacks against me.

"Oh, Daddy… yes!" she cries out, her cunt clenching against me with each stroke that I give her. The sound of her sweet voice calling me Daddy sets me on fire.

Sweat has started to bead on my forehead, and there's this urge to fuck her recklessly, but I'd die if I hurt her. She must've seen the look on my face because she reaches for it and gently caresses my cheeks while I fuck her.

The affection almost sets me off, and I buck inside her, sending my cock deeper. Amanda screams, but it isn't pained – more like pleasure as her heat starts to convulse around me. I kiss her hard and increase my pace a little as she clings to me.

She's like silk and tastes just like honey. Her sweet cunt hugging me repeatedly is all I need.

I growl. "You are my woman, Amanda. This sweet little pussy is mine and only mine! You were made for me!"

"Yes, Daddy, I am yours… completely!" her words are affirmations that immediately set me off. I grunt, and I buckle, shooting streams of semen into her. She cums with me, writhing and moaning as she basks in the sensation. Even when her body peaks and settles, I am still pumping cum inside her while she lies completely exhausted, collecting every drop.

When I pull out, she gasps while a steady stream races to the front and spills from her. The imagery is enough to make me hard again, but I flop back onto the bed beside her and pull her into my arms.

“That was incredible,” she says after a few seconds when she finally manages to catch her breath.

“You are incredible, princess,” I say, tracing circles around her belly button.

She smiles as her eyes flutter open and close. She’s asleep in a matter of minutes while I am lying there, still struck by disbelief that a beautiful woman such as this was willing to give her virginity up to me. I want to believe that the attraction is mutual. There’s no way it isn’t. We are soulmates, and I am the happiest man alive. I feel weightless – completely at ease – with a sense of peace that I have searched for, for years and never had until now.

I am never letting Amanda go – she’s mine forever, and nothing will ever get in the way of that. No man will look at her but me, no man will touch her, and if they do, they will suffer the consequences. She is mine and mine only. I go to bed with that thought in mind and a smile on my face.

Chapter 5

Amanda

I wake up with butterflies in my belly and a warm glow of sunshine settling on my face. A smile immediately forms on my face when I realize where I am and who I am with. Last night dawns on me fully, and heat sears through my body when I remember Mike kissing all over my body, caressing me, entering me, then proceeding to give me the best orgasm of my life.

When I got up yesterday, I didn't have the slightest thought that a man like Mike would swoop in and take me under his wings. The thought of losing my virginity didn't even cross my mind as I had given up hope that good men actually existed. I was willing to vow on that after being harassed, but then Mike came in and changed everything completely.

I knew that I wanted him – knew that I couldn't give my virginity to anyone else but him. Last night, I craved every inch of him, and when I didn't have him, it felt like torture. Watching him leave was even harder, but I experienced the best feeling ever when he returned. The thought makes me warm all over, the memory still throbs between my legs and makes me want him even now. I can't get enough.

His words still echo in my head – his claim on me. I should be scared that he meant every word, but I don't. I share the same sentiments. The thought of another woman eyeing my man, lusting after him… it puts me on edge. Mike is mine and mine alone, and fuck, it is insane. This is insane, but here I am, completely captivated and in love with a man I met hours ago. It has only been a day, yet I can't imagine life moving forward without him.

I shift in the bed and am surprised to find him hard. He isn't even fully awake, and yet he is hard. I smile, feeling a fire between my legs and a dirty thought in mind. Mike's manhood looks and feels good enough to taste, and at this moment, I am practically salivating to do just that.

I throw the sheet from my naked body and move down on him. His eyes pop open, and he seems confused for a second before it dawns on him. He smiles and adjusts a little while I get comfortable, ready to taste.

It's huge and a complete wonder how I managed to fit him last night, but I'm glad I did. It sits in the palm of my hand, hard as a rock,

and yet it feels soft when I glide my hand along it. The purple-pinkish head is welcoming and oozing white pre-cum while thick veins streak the entire shaft. I can't help myself; I am wetter than ever before, and my mouth is pooling with saliva. I open my mouth as wide as I can and take him in. I bask in the soft moan he releases upon contact and the sweet-salty taste of his shaft in my mouth, filling it to maximum capacity. But the feeling is thrilling, and I can feel the need all the way in my gut – I want more.

I start to suck him, twirling my tongue around the bulbous head, flicking my tongue along the small hole. He moans, his hand coming down to grip my hair as he urges me on. My core tightens, and I begin to get more enthusiastic as I trail my tongue along his shaft to the base. I take him in my mouth again and move down on him, trying to capture as much of him as I can. I only manage to get a few inches in before I feel a sudden urge to gag.

I pull back, and he massages my scalp as if to reassure me. I look up at him and see the agony marked all over it. I can tell he wants to cum badly, and I want to make that happen, so I go at it again, loving his moans as I go back and forth on him.

"Fuck," he growls through his teeth, his grip tightening, hips slightly thrusting as my mouth consumes more of him. I start to move faster, my saliva draining down his shaft before I scoop it between my lips and continue with my rhythm. I can feel him swell inside my mouth, his thrusting more erratic. I almost gag again, but this time, I hold my breath and can feel when the tip touches the back of my throat.

He mutters another curse, his hips bucking, and before I know it, I feel hot cum blasting against my throat. I quickly withdraw, allowing the rest to splatter against my lips and drain down my chin.

Taken off guard, I can only giggle as I swallow timidly and look up at him to see that the tension has eased from his face. He looks completely satisfied, and I feel happy with myself for being the one to make that happen.

I wipe my mouth with the back of my hand, and he pulls me up to him. Our eyes meet, and his is the most captivating and intense. My heart starts to flutter, my body seemingly hotter. I want so much to kiss him, and he does just that, leaving me tingly all over.

"You are perfect," he says when he pulls away to stare at me again.

My heart's so full I want to burst. The emotions overpowering me are like no other, and I allow myself to bask in every second. I straddle him, he's still hard. Fuck, I don't think he's capable of not

being. As my legs stretch over his body, I can feel the small aches still present – a constant reminder of last night.

“Keep this up, and I might not let you leave the house ever, princess. For my eyes only, my body only… completely mine,” he says as I take his shaft in hand and position myself over its shiny head.

“Who says I’d have a problem with that?” I tease as I lower myself on him and impale myself on his thick length.

My mouth falls open as inch after inch disappears inside me. I’m halfway there like I was last night, but I want all of him this time. I press myself lower, ignoring the dull ache between my legs while I focus solely on his girth and length, stretching and filling me. He watches me with intense eyes and looks between us at my tiny lady-bits swallowing his monstrous cock inch after inch. I almost orgasm on the spot when I manage to take all of him in and look down to see my lips squeezing around him like a vice grip. His girth stretches me thin, making him too big to fit inside me.

“Fuck Amanda, I will spend every day of my life fucking this sweet thing…. Filling you over and over again.” Mike says huskily as he grips my hips and starts to roll them against him.

I lick my lips, but they drop open again when his thickness massages my insides and sends pleasure rippling through me. If I experience this feeling every day, I know that I will be the happiest woman alive. I am now. Mike makes me happy… him deep inside me, brings out something strange and almost unreal. The pleasure is numbing.

Mike reaches for my tits and squeezes them, pulling at my nipples. Simultaneously, I start to bounce on him, whimpering at the small withdrawals before I am filled again, harder and somehow deeper. It gets more intense the longer I do it, and I start to ride him harder the longer I stay. My cream has completely coated him and lubricates me in a way that can only guarantee pure pleasure.

“Yes, baby girl… use this cock however you want. It’s yours!” he growls as he lifts my hips, only to slam them down on him again.

“Yes, Oh, yes!” I exclaim, resting my palms on his muscular chest as I start to grind now. My movements are almost frantic as I bask in the feel of his cock on my insides. I can’t get enough of him. My mouth remains open for so long that I don’t even realize I am literally salivating until a drop of saliva lands on his chest.

Mike’s eyes darken as he pulls me to him and kisses me hard, his hands wrapped around my back. I can feel the greed, the need, the power in his kiss and almost begin to cry as he starts to thrust inside

me from below, still holding me to him – still kissing me as he gives me every inch of his cock. I moan, my mouth opens up over his, and he licks across my open mouth while he continues to fuck me with all he's got.

My orgasm hits me like a boulder, but it's pleasure that's swimming throughout my body. My legs almost clamp up, but Mike holds them apart as he continues to rut inside me like a wild animal. I collapse completely on him – wrecked by the orgasm that storms through me, speechless as I glorify in the high.

He grips me tighter as he cums, his grunts and moans filling me as he fills me with his hot seed that sets off another orgasm from me. I am shaking like a leaf in the wind, fulfilled beyond measure as he finishes off inside me. When he finally pulls out, I feel empty.

"You are a miracle, Amanda… my greatest joy, and I will show you that every single day."

I smile against his warm skin. "I have no doubt."

As I adjust to snuggle closer to him, the moistness between my thighs informs me with a knowledge that I hadn't even thought about. "We didn't use protection," I whisper.

There's a bit of silence before Mike says. "Would it be such a horrible thing if you become pregnant?"

It should scare me, but it doesn't. I already know Mike is the man of my dreams, and nothing will change that. "No, I always wanted a family – a big one with a dog," I smile up at him.

He rubs my hips. "And I will make sure you have all of that. Anything for you."

I smile and revel in the warmth of the moment.

Chapter 6

Amanda

I don't know when I fell asleep, but I awakened in Mike's arms for the second time. He's awake and is on his phone with a small frown on his face.

"Is everything okay?" I ask him, shuffling up closer, trailing my hands across the broad expanse of his chest.

He looks down at me and manages a smile. "Yeah, I just have a few things to take care of. I'll be back tonight." Kissing me on the forehead, he swings his feet over the bed and stands naked in front of me. I stare at him unabashedly, feeling the heat overtake my body once again.

He chuckles. "I promise to make it up to you."

I smile and move toward him. "Don't worry about it," I say as I tiptoe to kiss him.

"Keep this up, and I might not leave at all."

"That's kinda the plan," I say, smiling against his mouth.

He chuckles and palms my face with his hands, staring down at me with his lovely dark eyes. "I promise that after today, you will get me whenever you want me; no questions."

I smile. "Okay."

He finally manages to get to the bathroom after a few more kisses. I sigh dreamily because that seems to be what I'm still in. Part of me can't believe I got so lucky finding the man of my dreams without even trying. And he is that. No doubt. It seems like a fairy-tale really, and I have found my rugged prince charming, ready to take on forever after. Being with Mike makes me feel like a heavy weight has been lifted off my shoulders – like I have a purpose now.

My heart feels so full I can't keep myself from smiling. Even after making the bed and hopping to the kitchen to make lunch.

He comes out just as I am done pouring him a cup. My eyes settle on his pants as I watch the way he buckles his belt – wishing he was taking it off instead. When my eyes go back to his face, he has a smirk there, which tells me I've been caught staring.

"You're an insatiable woman," he laughs, and I do too.

"Blame yourself for being a capable lover."

His brows shot up, but his eyes are filled with mirth. “Capable? That’s the best word you could find?” he challenges as he approaches me, and just like that, I’m burning for him again.

“My bad; I should have said amazing, otherworldly…”

“That sounds more like it,” he grins as he kisses me softly on the lips. Mike has no idea how handsome he is – how his eyes light up when he smiles or how the simple act makes me fall deeper in love with him.

“That’s more like it,” he says as he reaches behind me to get his cup of coffee, taking a few sips. “Same rules apply for today...you don’t leave the house, and I will fuck you later when I get back. We can even do dinner.” His eyes roam over my body, and I can see the lust that takes over.

I lick my lips and nod, completely submissive to his demands because I am entranced with this man and how he makes me feel. He kisses me again, and my knees almost buckle with the sensation that rushes through me.

“I’m gonna spend hours fucking you and making up for the time I should have been here doing just that.” It’s a promise that makes me weak in the knees and needier more than ever.

“Yes.” It comes out more like a moan than anything else.

He clenches his jaw, and I can see the way his face tightens. There’s this look in his eyes that resembles the one when he’s about to fuck me, and I know that that is exactly what he wants to do. I want him to… I want to feel every inch of him in me before he leaves, but part of me knows I’ll have to wait until tonight.

“I’ll see you later, princess. Lock the doors, and if you need anything, call me.” He hands me a small piece of paper with a number scribbled on it.

I nod, and he kisses me one last time, adjusts his clothes, gets his keys, and then he is out of the house. I sigh dreamily and plop back on the sofa as I replay the events in my head. Even now, I can feel the dampness between my thighs. I ache to touch myself and get myself off, but that’s Mike’s job from here onward. I want all that pent-up energy for later when he comes home.

After thirty minutes of sitting there, I sigh and reach for my phone and see a missed call from Cherry and a message demanding to talk to me. I swallow hard; somehow, in this craziness, I had forgotten that I worked and was an employee to someone. My things are still there, and even though Mike said he would bring them over, I still needed to

let Cherry know what was up.

I read her last text again and pondered over it.

Where are you?

I don't want to say, but from the looks of it, she was already familiar with Mike back at the bar. Maybe they knew each other well. So deciding to go with my instinct, I tell her that I am at Mike's place.

An immediate text comes in seconds later, *Ok, I'm coming over.*

My brows furrow; I'm somehow taken aback that she knows where he lives. Maybe they are closer than I thought, I can't help but think. Jealousy consumes me at the idea. The thought of Mike and Cherry doesn't really sit well with me, even though I knew that though Mike is my first, I'm not his. I try not to think about a relationship with them, but it's all I can think about until a knock sounds at the door.

I move to unlock it and realize it's Cherry, but she doesn't have the most pleasant expression on her face. Her eyes roam over me in disgust, and she shoves past me and moves behind me to stand, taking me by surprise.

She crosses her arms under her breast and frowns. "What the hell are you doing?"

"Mike offered me a place to stay, and I agreed."

Cherry scoffs. "You don't know Mike, and you already have a place at the bar," she quips.

"Who knows when those looneys will be back? I can't take that chance."

Cherry seems taken aback. "But you want to with a complete stranger. Listen, Amanda, those guys are cowards who won't be coming back to do anything insane. I know them."

I sigh as I ponder her words. How can I even take her word for it when she seemed more upset at Mike for protecting me rather than the actual bad guys back at the bar?

"Maybe the job wasn't for me after all," I say, lifting my chin a little. "Mike will be by to pick up my things soon, so don't worry about that."

Cherry is silent for a while as she stares at me. "Mike isn't the knight in shining armor you peg him to be. He can be cold and ruthless; I'm guessing that's the last thing you want right now. The job is still yours, but if you stay here, it won't be."

I can see the challenge in her eyes, and the small frown on her face,

which tells me she doesn't agree with any of this. Maybe I should listen to what she is saying since she obviously knows Mike better than I do. But I want to stay for two reasons: I want Mike, and I feel safe with him more than I have ever felt in all my life. I love him, but I don't tell Cherry because I know that she'll freak out.

"I'll admit, he is a good lay, and I get that maybe that's the reason you want to stay." There she goes, giving me confirmation that they in fact know each other too well. My heart tugs a little, but I try to tell myself I'm the one Mike wants now. I'm his and he has told me that over and over.

"But," she continues, "he has anger issues, which he may or may not take out on you eventually. You don't want to be on his wrong side," she says, staring deep within my soul.

"Mike wouldn't hurt me," I am quick to say, but to my chagrin, Cherry doesn't seem too convinced.

She scoffs. "You barely know the guy. It's only been a day, and here you are shacked up with a man that's more than twice your size!" she snaps, green eyes blazing.

I swallow. "Mike makes me feel alive…he makes me feel safe!"

Cherry swallows as she inspects me. "You don't want to believe me, fine. You can see for yourself tonight at eight at the old warehouse that's a block away from the bar." With that, she moves past me and is gone within the next second. I'm left to ponder her words and what she means by them. What's happening at eight, and why does it have anything to do with Mike? Part of me wants to forget Cherry's visit altogether, but I can't help but be curious about what this is all about.

So I wait patiently for the entire day and started to get ready in my old work clothes for eight.

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It doesn't take me long to get there, but the whole thing strikes me as odd when I see the number of people and the fact that you have to pay to enter a building that's literally falling apart. I can hear the noises inside, though, and know it'll be some kind of contest, but I still don't know what it has to do with Mike.

I look around, but there's still no sign of him. I don't even see Cherry, who I at least expected to be here since she orchestrated the whole thing. When I enter, I immediately know what's going on. There's a fighting pit in the center of the room that's fenced, and people are obviously betting on who they want to win.

My mind is still reeling, and I don't know what's going on, but then a man enters the ring and announces two names, which makes me pause. Mike! He's one of the contestants, and the crowd is in a ruckus at the mention of his name. I hug my shoulders and watch through an uncrowded opening as Mike and another man who's just as tall but not as bulky – enter with their game faces on. The announcer holds both their hands in the air, and another round of celebration echoes through the building.

I silently watch as they get into position. They are both shirtless, but Mike wears shorts while the other guy sports tight jeans. I hold my breath as I watch it transpire before me. The other guy is the first one to throw a punch, but Mike dodges it. I bite my lips and watch the scene. Not one punch lands, but they play around each other almost as if they are studying each other's moves.

This continues for a few minutes until the other guy punches Mike square across the jaw. I gasp, and he topples back, hand on the wound, quickly realizing that his mouth is busted. The crowd seems disappointed; only a few cheers on the other guy while they obviously wait for Mike to make a comeback.

I'm heartbroken at the idea of him being hurt; I want to shout and tell him to stop. I want to comfort him. But before I can do any of that, the guy charges at him again. I hold my breath, preparing for a more violent blow to land on Mike, but he dodges and punches the guy instead. He stumbles backward, squinting a few times, but before he can recover, Mike is on top of him, riddling his face with punches while the guy lays there, accepting every last one.

The crowd is in a frenzy, shouts so boisterous I know my ears will be ringing after this. The man's face is covered with blood within minutes, but Mike doesn't stop. It's like he doesn't want to – it's almost like he gains a high off acts like this. The crowd cheering him on is no better; it's like they want him to kill the guy.

There's no remorse on Mike's face; he just keeps going and going. My eyes sting, I can feel the tears coming. The whole thing reminds me of my past, and my stomach churns at the memories. The tears roll down my eyes, and the referee or whoever it is comes and peels Mike off the obviously unconscious guy. He immediately raises his hands in the air – a sign of victory – and the crowd goes crazy once again.

The coldness had fallen from Mike's face, and the pride is evident there while the other man lays seemingly lifeless in the back, bloody and defeated. Mike's eyes scan the crowd, and our eyes meet.

The smile fades from his face and is replaced by horror as he stares at me. I can see him mouthing my name, but I can't hear it with the

noise around us. My heart breaks, and I immediately run from the building.

Maybe Cherry was right, and maybe I was too much of an idiot and a love-struck virgin to see what was really in front of me.

A monster?

Chapter 7

Mike

Amanda is the only thing I can think about for the entire day. I ache to touch her, to feel her soft skin against mine… to plunge into her until she has had her fill. She occupies every piece of me… every memory I now have is of her, and I can't wait to get home and create more. She's the sweetest drug, the most intoxicating and fuels my body with such inexplicit need that I can't explain. She's my everything – I know that now. I know that I can't live without her. She's part of me – my other half and today just gives me confirmation.

I don't want to spend another day without her by my side. Yesterday was torture, and today is even worse. But before I go home, there's one thing I have to do. One final thing that I haven't swayed from. The thought still remains solid. This is my last fight.

With Amanda in my life, I don't need it anymore. She calms me and makes me feel alive, which is all I've been searching for my entire life. But I promised one final fight, and it's going to be tonight. However, unlike the other nights, I realise something is the same as it was the day before. There's no rush – no great need to fight. There's only one thing I want, to go home to Amanda and follow through on my promise from this morning.

I was wrapping my hands when Cherry entered the room. No one should enter, but since she knows Paul very well, I'm guessing he is the one who gave her access.

"What are you doing here?" I immediately ask.

"Here to wish you luck, of course," she smiles in a way that gives me an ick.

"Thanks, but I should be getting on any minute now."

She moves towards me, one step at a time, looking up at me with her seductive eyes. She's attractive but doesn't hold a candle to Amanda.

"I can show you a good time after this y'know. My place?" She's in front of me, palms on my exposed pecs as she trails long fingers across my skin.

I feel nothing but disgust for having another woman other than Amanda touch me. I immediately reach for her hands and peel them off me, dropping them to her sides.

“I’m gonna have to pass on that one.”

Her smile falters to a frown as she huffs. “This is about Amanda, isn’t it?”

I pause at the mention of my woman’s name. “And what if it is?”

“Mike, she isn’t the woman for you –”

“And you are?” I abruptly cut in, feeling as the anger rises within me.

Cherry stands defiantly, raising her chin as she holds my gaze. “I am. I have been there for you on cold nights – when you were at your worst!” she blares.

What a way to throw kindness in your face. “I made it clear from the very beginning that we wouldn’t be anything other than fuck buddies. I didn’t mislead you in any way.”

She swallows and takes a step back as if I struck her. “You men are all the same, aren’t you? I was good enough for a few fucks, but as soon as a younger, beautiful woman comes along, I am forgotten.”

“I’m sorry, Cherry, but I felt nothing for you, and you knew that,” I can’t help but clarify.

She scoffs as her lips tremble. “And you do for Amanda?”

“Yes. I love her,” I confess.

Cherry snorts, her eyes glistening as she stares up at me with cloudy eyes. “You’re so pathetic. That little slut is gonna leave you as soon as she finds someone better. I found her on the streets, and that’s exactly where she belongs!” she hisses.

I take a step towards Cherry and fill the space between us. My hands are balled into fists as I stare down at her with tightly clenched teeth. “You should be fucking lucky that you’re a woman right now, Cherry. Don’t you dare talk about my woman like that again,” I say through my teeth.

She doesn’t back down, but her throat bobs, and I know she’s scared. She continues to stare at me, lips drawn in a thin line, tears hanging on her lids before she turns and moves towards the door.

“You’re gonna regret meeting her soon enough. Mark my words, Mike.” With that measly threat, she opens the door and leaves. I don’t even have a chance to collect my thoughts before Paul pokes his head around and says, “We’re ready.”

I can’t wait for this to be over with.

As I enter the ring, that’s all I want. My supporters cheer me on,

and I'm thankful, but the thrill I normally have isn't there anymore. My opponent and I start skipping around the ring for a while, trying to figure each other out. He's new … they mostly are. There's always someone new thinking they can beat me, and I have proven them wrong over and over again. This place is what it is because of me.

I must've been lost in thought because I am taken aback when something crashes against my cheeks, sending pain jolting throughout my face. And just like that, it's like the switch that had been turned off is back on again, and all I see is red. I need to make this fucking quick, so I can go home to get what I actually want. I do what I do best. I beat his face in until my hands started to hurt with every punch. The crowd in the back gives me more motivation to continue, and I do just that until I feel myself being dragged away from the unconscious body.

The victory is sweet as it always is, but this time, I take a moment to soak it all in and appreciate the love these people have for me. After all, it will be my last time. As my eyes scan the crowd, taking note of everyone who's cheering me on, I see a familiar face that halts me. It's Amanda, and she is crying. She has that look of disappointment and disgust on her face… fear even? And I can feel the blood drain from my face as what she just witnessed dawns on me. The last thing I wanted was for her to see this – this side of me. In her eyes, I should always be a protector; her savior… not a fucking beast. "Amanda!" I call, but she moves off and is swallowed by the big crowd.

"Fuck!" I mutter, running out of the pit and grabbing my bags. A few people try to stop me, but all that's on my mind is getting Amanda back.

I don't fucking know what I'll do if she decides to leave my life. I can't really stop her, but I'll be damned if I don't try. I catch up to her and call her name once again. This time she stops, face still wet with tears.

"Amanda, I'm sorry. I didn't mean for you to see any of that!"

She stops in her tracks and stares at me. The look is still there, and fuck, I'd do anything to make it go away.

"Obviously," she sneers, shaking her head. "Maybe we aren't meant for each other after all," she croaks, sniffing.

My heart breaks a little. "That isn't who I am!" I defend.

"It's exactly who you are, Mike!" she snaps. "And I can't be with someone like that."

“I would never hurt you!” I say between clenched teeth, hurt that she would even assume something like that. “I’d rather die than lay a finger on you.”

Our eyes meet, she swallows. “The way you kept beating that guy, I…” She trails off and shakes her head as another stream of tears falls down her face.

“This is what I do,” I say, and she looks up at me. “I fight for a living, and it isn’t exactly conventional, but it pays the bills. After meeting you, I was willing to give it all up – and I have. Tonight is the last night you’ll see me in the ring.” I see some hope there and know that she’ll give in if I just push a little bit harder.

“Please… let me buy you something to eat, and then I can explain all this,” I plea.

She seems to ponder on it before she nods. I sigh in relief.

We order burgers and fries at a small diner and start to eat when I decide to resume the conversation.

“I grew up in foster care,” I begin, watching as she pauses to look up at me. “My mom was an addict who gave me up, and I didn’t know my dad. I was picked on for years until I decided to do something about it. I didn’t know where to channel my anger, so I got in fights and realized that did the trick. It always made me feel better, especially when I got good at it. That’s why I started to join fight clubs – even the illegal ones. Then I met you, and you became my peace right that very moment. I knew you were the one for me…”

Her lips tremble. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I was afraid of this – that you might see the monster there and not want me anymore. I hated the thought of that, so I decided to stop before that happened. I’m sorry it did.” I explain, reaching for her hand.

“The way you kept hitting him, I-”

“I got carried away, but I promise you, that pit was the last time. It’s over.”

She nods and manages a tight smile that makes me feel light again, but I know there’s something else there.

“I’m not from New York…” she begins. “I came here because I was running from the life I had back in New Jersey. My dad was an abusive asshole who pounced on my mom every chance he got. When

he couldn't get to her, he took it out all on me." My grip tightens on her hand, my lips now drawn in a thin line. "I told her we could leave – get away and start a new life without him, but she wouldn't listen. She was too scared, and I couldn't leave her. She never pressed charges, she never fought back, she just took it all. If I did, he would beat her even more… to teach me a lesson." her voice cracked, and her lips quivered while her blue eyes became glossy.

"Baby, you don't have to-"

"I want to," she sniffs. "I never really talked to anyone about it."

I nod, allowing her to continue while I silently seethe beside her, wanting to rip her father to shreds for causing her so much pain.

"It continued for a while until she finally developed the courage to leave – for my sake. They got into a fight the day before and…he shoved her, and she hit her head." She couldn't contain it anymore. Amanda started sobbing uncontrollably. I move closer to her and take her into my arms, holding her to me.

"You are safe now, and I will never let anything happen to you. I wish I were there to rip that bastard's throat out, but any man who dares to do the same will meet the same fate. They'll have me to deal with princess; believe that."

She nods against me as she continues to cry, but soon after, her cries subside, and she is resting peacefully on my shoulder.

"How did you find me?"

"Cherry came by the apartment and kinda warned me you had a temper."

I grit my teeth, remembering the confrontation earlier. "Nothing or nobody should come between us, Amanda. My heart is bare with you; I'll tell you everything, and if there's anything you want to know, you ask me. All I'll ever give is the truth."

She smiles. "Likewise."

We continue to eat until she asks, "Were you and Cherry a thing?"

I shift in my seat. "We hooked up a few times – nothing serious. I only wish you were my first."

"Luckily, there's not more to go from here. I'll settle with being your last."

I grin. "And only."

Her smile is so sweet, she is sweet, and every part of my body aches to have her. It has been too long. Too fucking long. "Gosh, I want to

fuck you right now," I mutter in her ear, my hand finding her leg. She's wearing the clothes she had on at the bar that night, which reminds me that I need to get her things, but her creamy thighs are exposed, and I can feel myself burning to touch her further.

"If we leave now, we can get to the apartment in no time."

"I don't think I can make it that far, princess." Her eyes light up as my fingers trickle further up, pausing right at her crotch. "Are you wet for me?"

"Always." I touch her and prove that to be true. Her panties are soaked, and her pussy is hot… waiting eagerly for me.

I smile at her, and her cheeks redden. "Something tells me you can't make it that far either."

She licks her lips. "I'll leave for the bathroom first, and then you follow?"

"No. Whoever here will know that I want to fuck my woman. There's no shame in it." I stand, holding my hand out to her.

Her cheeks get redder as she scans her surroundings and then stands, leading the way to the back. A few eyes follow us, and I know that my raging boner is probably visible, but I don't give a fuck, I just want to.

My mouth immediately meets hers as we get inside the small bathroom. I don't bother to lock the door behind us because I don't care who sees me loving my woman. Mine. Not anyone else. I savor in her sweetness, sucking her tongue, licking across her lips, and feel the need that matches my own.

But I'm too eager; as sweet as her lips are, I want to feel my cock inside her. I want to give her my all. So I hastily bunch her skirt up around her hips and peel her panties off while she pulls down my shorts and boxers. She is already panting, and so am I.

I hoist her up and place her against the small sink, her back arched against the wall, blocking the mirror that's hung there. Her legs part, I move closer and guide my dick into her opening. It sheaths me like a cloak, warm but wet. I almost sigh against her as I drive my cock further and further until I'm at the hilt. Her open mouth warms my face as she clings onto me and parts her legs even wider apart.

I ram into her, filling her to the hilt each time before I pull back and fill her again. I glide back and forth effortlessly, working up a sweat as I take her and bask in her tiny moans. If only the entire diner could hear.

"Yes, please… harder…" she moans against me, and I almost smile

as I increase my pace, still amazed that this tiny person could stretch to take my cock… all of it. But I give her, her wish and take her hard, holding her hips in place, so she doesn't slip off the sink. She creams my cock even more as I stroke deep into her. Not an orgasm. Just her wetness that drips between us – evidence of how much she wants me. The thought, the sight – all of it empowers me and urges me to go faster. Her cries increase – she is loud, but I do nothing to stop her, and she doesn't either. When her narrow walls clench and squeeze around me, I know she is near, but then I catch a glimpse of us in the small mirror, and a thought comes to me.

Chapter 8

Amanda

The thrill that comes with being caught and the way Mike is fucking me is driving me insane. I feel like I'm losing my mind to pleasure, and I want to do nothing to stop it. He feels amazing – it feels amazing like this. I can feel him all the way inside me, hitting the right spot, massaging my insides with his glorious cock over and over again, which sets me on edge. Each amazing thrust pulls me closer and closer… I get even wetter and know that I'm near.

But just as I'm about to have the most amazing orgasm, Mike pulls out. I gasp as he flips me around so I am facing the mirror. My mind is racing; I can't even think straight, but in the next instant, he is entering me from behind. I tiptoe a little, and he stoops a bit to fit against me comfortably. This position is new and possibly the most overwhelming, but it feels so good. Too damn good. I close my eyes to bask in it.

"Open your eyes, baby, I want you to watch me fuck you – I want you to watch us fuck!" he growls in my ears, somehow managing to get me even wetter.

My eyes flutter open to see the reflection of both of us in the mirror. Mike seems like a giant behind me as he pushes in and out, his muscles bulging and flexing. He's so big that it's a wonder I can manage him, but I do, even with my flushed face and sweat beading on my forehead. He grabs my breasts with one hand and squeezes them as he continues to fuck me hard.

"We might've only known each other for a day, princess, but I'm gonna spend the rest of my life showing you why it was worth it," he pants, sucking my neck. I mewl like a helpless kitten as heat engulfs my body.

I know Mike means every word – I just know it, and I can't wait to see our future play out before our very eyes.

"I'll always fuck you raw like this until I breed you and even after, I'll do the fucking same. I want a houseful of kids, and I want to be in you every single day for the rest of our lives. That's all I ask," he growls, and I clench around him.

"Yes! Yes… yes, Daddy!" I exclaim, my hands wrapping around the edge of the sink as his pace increases. My core is burning at a fever

pitch, and I can feel my wetness trailing down my legs. I can't help my cries or the loud moans which leave my lips. I can't hold back – not with Mike drilling me like this.

I scream, almost crying when he slams into me, and my orgasm takes course like a tidal wave. I shake, my knees buckle, but Mike holds me up with his strong arms as his thrusting slows, and his hot seed welcomes my womb. He grunts and kisses me against the neck, pumping his cum inside me. At this point, I think I am already pregnant, but nothing brings me greater joy.

I am over the moon. It's times like these that make me know Mike is my person, and I will never leave his side.

"I love you," I mutter.

He pulls out, turns me to face him, and smiles down at me. "My heart is yours, Amanda."

Half an hour later, we are walking back to the apartment. I'm so happy I can't even put it into words. Mike is my man, and I can feel it as much as I can see it. I didn't know how tonight would have ended after seeing him in that pit, but he was so transparent and vulnerable in telling me about his past that I couldn't help but love him even more.

We are both pieces of a broken puzzle that have found their way to each other and fully completed each other. I didn't need six months to see that or even a year. I know now that Mike is my soul mate, my knight in shining armor – my future husband. I can't wait for our future.

"Now that you're no longer gonna do the fights, what do you plan on doing?" I ask him, hands entwined in his as we walk.

He shrugs. "I haven't given it much thought as yet, but I'll figure something out soon. Until then, I have enough savings to get us by."

I smile at him. "I'll help you."

"I have no doubt you will," he says as he smiles down at me.

Tonight seems perfect, but the smile falls off my face, and an acidic feeling stirs on my tongue as I stare ahead. Mike stiffens as well and glances down at me.

"Head straight to the apartment and call the cops. I'll take care of this," he says in a firm tone.

"Mike-"

“Don’t worry about me; I’ll be fine, I promise. Just do as I say, princess.”

“There are more of them this time,” I whisper under my breath, feeling a lump rise in my throat.

He turns to me and palms my face, kissing me on the forehead. “Nothing I can’t handle. Promise you’ll head upstairs and call the cops immediately.”

“How do they even know where to find you?” I choke.

“I have an idea,” he says as he shakes his head and grits his teeth. “Cherry, of course.”

“Why-”

“Do as I say, please. Go now!” he exclaims an octave higher. I almost jump as I look up at him with tears trailing down my face. I then look at the group of five men who stand waiting near the door of the apartment. Of course, I recognize three from the other day, but there are two new ones who are almost the size of Mike. My heart is plummeting in my chest, and my limbs seem to have frozen up.

“Scared now, big boy?” the ring leader from the bar exclaims, clearly spotting us and waiting for Mike to make a move.

“Not in the least, asshole,” Mike says as he moves towards them, holding onto my hand. “Apparently, one beat down wasn’t enough.”

He scoffs, chewing his mouth as he eyes the others. “Nah, we just came to have some fun, is all,” he snarls. “And maybe when we’re done with you, we can have a go at your little bitch.” I shudder, and his wide mouth stretches into a smile, but before it’s in full effect, it disappears with a punch across his jaw.

I gasp as he goes tumbling backward, caught by his friends, who are taken by surprise.

“Go!” he tells me, and I take the opportunity to run past them and into the building.

But I don’t go all the way up. I stay to the side, fumbling with my phone as I dial 911. I can hear the grunts, the howls, the pained cries, and with my brain being so fogged, I can’t even tell which is Mike’s. I wish I wasn’t so useless – I wish I could do something to help him rather than hide. If he hadn’t met me in the bar that night, he would have been fine – having nothing to worry about. But I don’t even want to fathom the idea of not knowing Mike. He is already so important to me; I can’t even stand the idea of losing him.

Standing here feels like forever, hearing all that ruckus and not knowing whether or not Mike is on the losing side. It was torturous. Of course, I feel confident in his skills, but there're five people this time, and he's probably exhausted from earlier.

It quiets down to just moans, and I hold my breath as a shadow appears. My heart is going a mile a second, but when I see that it's Mike, I quickly rush into his arms. He has a few evident bruises but looks fine overall. I cling to him like my life depends on it and kiss the side of his face, feeling the happiness bubble up inside me.

"Thank God, you're okay," I whisper, pulling apart to examine him thoroughly.

"Nobody threatens my woman and gets away with it."

I can't help but smile. "I'm sorry I put you in trouble."

He cupped my jaw with a single hand and used his thumb to caress my skin. "Hey, you didn't do anything wrong. I'd go to the ends of the earth to protect you – you know that, right?"

"I know that as much as I know that I love you," I smile. "But I want to help myself, too…when you're not around."

His brows furrow. "What are you saying?"

I lick my lips. "I want you to teach me self-defense."

"Amanda-"

"Please Mike. I've lived in fear all my life and that changed when I met you, but I want to take back some control – feel less powerless."

He sighs and lowers his forehead to mine. "Ok, anything for you, princess."

Epilogue

Amanda

I can't believe we made it to five years. Five glorious years with Mike by my side. Admittedly, we had a few hiccups here and there, but we always found our way back to each other. We got married three months after our first encounter, and ever since it has been an uphill ride. We bring out the best in each other, and when the twins Dylan and Lylah came along a year later, it only got better. After years of wanting something like this and running from the one I had, I have finally found my happy home. It isn't a structure – just the people in it… my little family.

"What are you here thinking about?" Large hands wrap around me, making me feel all fuzzy and warm. It's the 'Mike effect' that has not faded a bit since day one.

I smile as I continue to stare out the window of the apartment we had moved to a little before the twins were born. "You," I tell him. "Always you."

He pulls me tighter to him, and I can feel his boner poking at me. Typical Mike. "About how far we've come," I tell him, turning to face him. "Was there ever a doubt in your mind that we would make it this far?"

"Never," he quickly says. "You've been the most certain thing in my life, Amanda. You're my anchor, my biggest pride and achievement. Not a single day goes by that I don't thank God for having you in my life."

Every single day, he proves to me that everything he says is true, and every day, I try my best to reciprocate. I reach up to kiss him, knowing that nine out of ten times, it never just ends in a kiss. He gropes my ass and presses me against him, wanting me to feel just how much he wants me. We tumble towards the bed, and he sits on the edge. He pulls his hard cock out, and I straddle him, impaling myself with it. He licks across my mouth, and I cling to him, just enjoying the way he fills me.

"The kids will be awake soon," I say.

"We still have time, and the movers won't be here for a while."

I start to grind on him. "Are you excited to finally move?"

"Everything excites me as long as you're involved."

I blush, getting hotter and more aroused. “I can’t wait to try out every single room with you,” I smirk.

“I didn’t think it would be possible to get any harder inside you, but I think I just did.”

I laugh and swat him playfully. This gentleness is rare. I like it rough, and so does he, but neither of us seems to mind at this moment. If anything, the sheer bliss only spurs emotions inside me, making this all the more intense.

“I don’t want you to go to work tomorrow,” he confesses, and I pause.

“Wh-what, why not?”

After years of staying at home, I had finally found something I liked and was ready to take on. It was at a day-care, where I would still keep an eye on our kids.

“You’ve gotta understand that I’ll gladly tear any man to shreds who dares to look at you sexually.”

I almost giggle. “You’re afraid of the attention I’ll get from men? Mike, I only have eyes for you.”

“I know, but you’re mine, and everyone should know that.” He raises his hips a bit, lodging his length deeper inside me, and I gasp. I cling to him and start to slowly ride him until we shatter and give into our blissful orgasm.

I cup his face in my hands and kiss him, smiling against his mouth. “I’m all yours, baby… always.”

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A couple of hours later, we are placing the last of the boxes inside our new house with the kids happily running around, exploring every room and trying to decide which one is theirs.

I still can’t believe we finally have our own home – no more apartments. Mike had decided that he wanted to be the one to build our home, so after he quit fighting, he made it a priority to learn all he could about construction. He had worked hard to make that possible and now we had it all; the white picket fences, the kids… the happiness. After the life I’d had in the past, I never thought any of it would be possible, but then Mike came along and made me believe everything was. He is my rock, and I am his.

“We have a surprise for you, Mommy!” I turn around at the sound of little Dylan’s voice. They’re all standing there – all three of them

with grins on their faces. Mike has something behind him, but I can't even catch a glimpse because his big frame blocks it all. They're beaming with happiness, and it all seems to radiate on me.

"Really? What is it?"

Lylah is jumping on her toes with her two ponytails bouncing against her shoulders. She has a wide grin, showing the missing tooth at the front. I watch Mike as he moves his hands from behind him and presents a small cage. My mouth falls open when I realize a puppy is inside – a Border Collie, to be exact.

I slap my hands over my mouth and scream into it, causing the kids to bounce around even more. I rush toward them and take the cage in hand, picking up the puppy and smiling from ear to ear as I take in his big, bright eyes.

Mike stands with pride as he watches the interaction, and I feel like crying as my love for him bubbles over. He didn't forget. He didn't forget when I told him I wanted the kids, the house, and the dog. He told me then that he would make sure I had it all. And I do. I am surrounded by happiness all because of Mike, my savior, my protector, my reason for life.

I bound toward him and kissed him hard and kept

letting him know just how much I appreciate him and all he has done for me. "Thank you."

"Anything for you, my queen."

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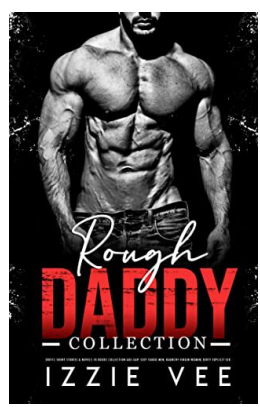

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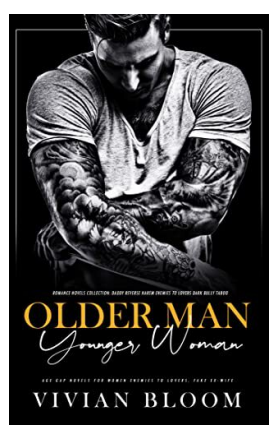

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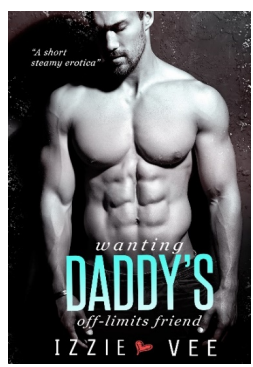

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SAMPLE

I couldn't believe that I was about to head off to college and never had a sexual experience in my life. The person I considered my boyfriend in my senior years of high school was initially the person I thought I would take the big step with but later found that he only had one intention in mind, and that was to fuck the only girl in our year who was rumored to still be a virgin – me. It had hurt, and I had broken off the relationship with a few heated words thrown at him but later realized there wasn't much I wanted out of the relationship either rather than sex.

I didn't want to be a virgin anymore, so I picked the boy that had given me the most attention and decided that he was the one.

Unfortunately, he wasn't and here I was, about to head off to college with my hymen intact.

If it were only based on desire alone, then my dream guy would be the one who came over to my house every now and then with all his charm and kindness. He was the first crush I ever had, but I knew there was nothing I could make of the relationship considering he was my father's best friend.

Connor was everything I wanted in a man; he was sweet, kind, caring, incredibly handsome, and packing for his age. He taught gym at the college that I was accepted into, which made my excitement all the more profound. Dad said that Connor would be there to look out for me as he had always done, and I … ***To continue reading get your FREE DOWNLOAD HERE.***